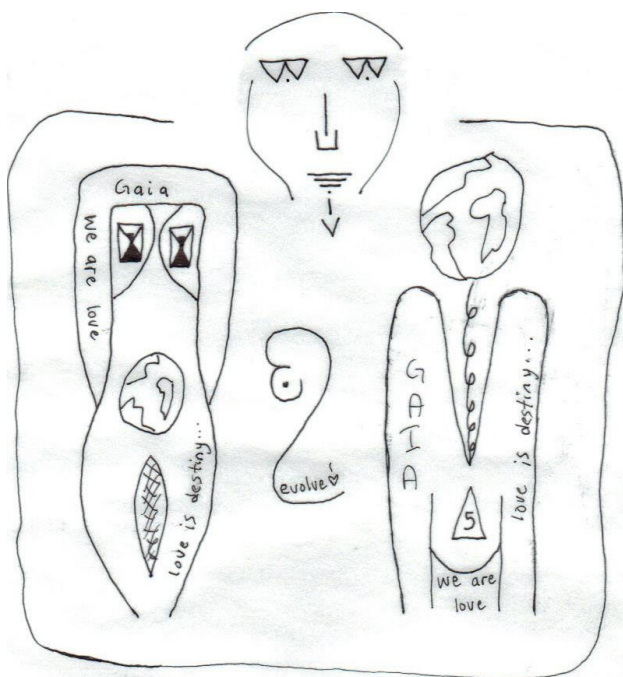




Divine Dominion



Truth is my Compass, & Wisdom my Helm.

*once you know, you cannot unknow. once you
have seen, you can never unsee. once you have
allowed yourself to feel, you are freed from silence;
for the submergence of one's truth only births
havoc within the self.*

ZISA AZIZA

NEGRESS OF SATURN'S DEEDS

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***Lucidity is
luminous...***



Gavel:

Cellular wilt thought
it had might and wit:

In no dimension,
can a God be kilt.

The courier was a
vibrational resonant,
package was retrieved in 2012!

Mayan's like riddles too;
Shoulda paid attention in school—

Fucking fool

The Decree is Free

A lake of fire is sliding
through the clouds.
The thunder is asunder.
The **Cosmic Coup d'état**
was a blunder:

You, microscopic parasites, are
cast to plunder.

My Lady Dorothy,

I can't help but want to write a constellation of vignettes to honor your eyes' debut; however, since we've been running around the galaxy in different dimensions and timelines, I haven't a clue what your eyes will look like in this iteration of our reunion.

Nonetheless, do you like rubies?
Eager is the heart.

In this desert, the thought of you is
a robust aquifer.

Festina lente,
Amare

Laundering Faith

As I sew lullabies
at the threshold:

My deck will never fold;
I 'm only fit to stack gold.

TERF vs. Motherist?

Gaslighting is an imperial lighter fluid.

Transhumanism and colonial drag will exploit marginalization to carry its torch of liberation to scorch the social and psychological hygienic boundaries rooted in spiritual decorum.

If anything is permissible and consent is a prop, what exactly is sacred? And when does the parasite stop?

**“Remorse with no
change in course
is a rhetorical
discourse.”**

Sister Act

I ain't never met a Beethoven,
but if I cross paths with a Ludwig,
I'd remind him that we're in God's
chorus and he better sing.

In this cathedral of bloodlines,
harmony is requisite because
our divine orchestration
is a symphonic infiltration.

**“Policy does not
disguise intended
harm. Clarity
i n d i c a t e s
sincerity; in its
absence, the only
r e a s o n a b l e
assumption is
v i o l e n c e v i a
obstruction.”**

Within Silken Skin

The internalization of patriarchy by women sterilizes their spiritual fertility. They become vultures of the vitality of other womb-bearers who can bear light.

Within the lesbian community, this dysfunctional violence is trivialized and romanticized because it does not conjure the stereotypical tropes of a male wife-beater. Still, the violence is no less destabilizing in its spiritual and physical danger.

Oddly, among women, particularly those who are white and perimenopausal, their appetite for luminosity to compensate their groomed shades of lackluster, begins to reek of the white patriarchal colonial predation. Their glamour feels like the face of

Miss Doubtfire trying to shield the 13 Slytherin tongues emitting from her face, as she winks with coy wickedness.

As I marinate in my womanhood, I mourn the wilt of sacred masculinity. I have mastered my knowing that the divine is constantly under attack. When I look out into the world and feel the Y-chromosome predation in proximity to my womb, I wonder how many of these men didn't have a chance to bloom. How many of their wounds have become soul lesions? I query who among these men can transmute the primitive into righteous primal devotion.

I can only fathom.

***“It’s a twilight
world, and I
stand on the dock
of Daybreak,
pulsing the
decryption of
Spellbreak.”***

Betrothed Pleiadian

You flower me with the waterfall
shimmering from your crown.

This timeline thought destiny
was a kingdom it could drown.

I am the offering of too many
gods; My vow defies all odds.

Mea Iurisdictio | My Jurisdiction

The wild card is a chimera,
but you can call me
The Judge from Sumeria.

Fire leaves the trace
where time ferments.

Death is a lover of the serpent,
and it's too late to repent.

Sirian Operative Reports: Independence Day in the Year of the Snake

The sun gave me munchies.

I. Colonial Prosthetics:

A Wig and a Dildo are the tools of psychic self-mutilation against the technologies of melanin and wombs to serve their consented denigration for assimilation into an inverted caste system that pathologizes the order of natural law.

II. Patriarchal depigmented parasites:

Your desire for me is desecration because your conflation is rooted in dominance, and your glamour is brute in its distortion of elegance.

In all frankness, the perverted salivation in your eyes reveals the glint of bestiality.

Your cellar mutation excretes: *'I want what I fear. I want what I conquered. I want what I objectified to make myself feel like a god.'*

I am not for auction. Your pheromones repulse me. Your lack of sentience enables blasphemy.

III. Parasite as Personality:

Bullies embody a form of an autoimmune spiritual deficiency that compulsively attacks health, vitality, and non-replicable sovereignty. This spiritual disease exists in every system of human interaction. This virus cloaks with glamour and then devours like a snake in wet grass.

My America.

*The land of blood resin, where
death is crescent.*

Veiled Bride

To the woman whom
I trust with my soul,
do you feel the timelines contract?

I have worn the blood
of my perennial enemy
and never became unholy.

This proton is awaiting
the charge of your electron.

All Roads Lead Home

Dual certainty: *the ordained cannot be disqualified, and plastic cannot tarnish gold.*

Moloch's bureaucratic puppets are playing among the living; this behavior is sacrilege.

Parasitic drones are the handmaidens of the almighty.

Sworn to the dark, but are servants catering to the feast of divinity.

**If you track the tracker,
who is the bait and who is
being baited?**

*In this living scroll,
YOU bitches are my troll.*

**“I’m not bartering
time for noise
with machines
bearing no
signal.”**

Cosmic Autopsy

*A metaphysical dissection of
Earth's ontological breach.*

**Earth was a hermetic genetic
library.**

A living codex. A sentient archive encoded not just with life, but *lineage*—ancestral, elemental, astral intelligence. It was built as a crossroads of galactic experiment and sacred contract. DNA was both scripture and spell.

But the library was breached.

Not by accident. Not once. Not by one.

A multispecies invasion, transdimensional in nature, infiltrated the library through both overt and covert means—religion, empire, ritualized trauma, genetic tinkering, and engineered amnesia.

These entities, these vagrants, these uninvited trespassers—they are not *evil* in the moral sense.

They are unsouled.

They lack resonance with primordial essence, which means they cannot *perceive beauty*, cannot feel remorse, cannot recognize sanctity.

**And therefore, they
cannot cease.**

Replication is not just behavior.
It's **compulsion**—a failed
imitation of life. Their parasitism
is not just strategic—it is
an **ontological necessity**. They
feed because they cannot generate.

So yes, we—the remnants, the
stewards, the anomaly-born—
keep trying to restore harmony,
heal the dissonance, and make
Earth remember Herself.

But harmony is not always a
lullaby.

Sometimes, it's a **flame**.

This is not the first iteration.

This is the *sixth orchestration* of the human experiment.

The previous five? Wiped, rewritten, retuned.

Each era littered with attempted course-corrections, traumatic resets, and distorted survivals.

Let's name a few breach points:

- **The Inquisition:** the ritualized massacre of the feminine and indigenous intelligence.
- **Manifest Destiny:** the relocation of sourceless meatsuits, harbingers of death and distortion.
- **The transatlantic slave project:** bio-spiritual theft and mass soul-trauma via forced breeding.

- **Psychic consent hacks** via mass media—where laughter masks lament, and fantasy conceals fact.

- **Weaponized cosmology:** false gods, false timelines, false kin.

This is not chaos.

This is choreographed entropy.

In this theater of soul hostages, my popcorn has grown stale.
My kombucha is flat, and I'm bored.

This minstrelsy of inverted divinity, cosplaying as consciousness, is trite in its profanity.

When shall the parasites accept their eviction and withdraw their disembodied blight?

**“Ain’t no tables
worth tossing;
I’m clipping the
server.”**

**“I am neither
neutral nor a
pacifist; I am a
strategist.”**

Intrusive Ideation: 003

Any persistent constellation of Cluster B features, which include Narcissistic, Antisocial (Psychopathy), Borderline, and Histrionic disorders, indicates that not only is the personality disordered, but the psyche has been infiltrated by parasitic control. It's not complicated, nor is it clinical. **It's an ontological breach.**

**“If you knew how
thin the hour,
you’d rethink
your decision to
be sour.”**

Auto Parasite Detection Survey

*Self-Assessment Protocol for
Energetic Parasites and its Echoes*

Prompts:

1. Does grace make you envious?

→ Parasites *covet* what they cannot cultivate. Grace — unearned, unforced — exposes their scarcity program.

2. Do you prioritize control over connection?

→ Parasites trade *presence* for possession. Control is their counterfeit intimacy.

3. Does consent seem arbitrary?

→ This is *core*. The parasite disregards or rationalizes past the sacredness of boundaries.

4. Do you prefer power over presence?

→ This sniffs out ego-as-invasion. True power radiates. Parasites *seize* and *perform*.

5. Do you dispose, if access is boundaried?

→ The moment they're denied feed, the discard cycle begins. This question *exposes that trigger*.

***Self-denial is invariable;
Bear witness but do not
gaslight.***

La Vida Loca

FUCK A TRUCE!!

Earth ain't duck-duck goose.
You put the planet on a noose?!?

Never were you obtuse.
But death is yours to seduce...

Truth is a fermented juice.
You are soulless with no excuse.

Sequence

The *black box* is a key
to a chime that defies maritime.

Resonance is clearance.

Poetry is an encryption because
paradigm espionage
loves a rhyme.

**“The cauldron is a
s a u n a ; w i t h
d e a t h , I t a s t e
nirvana.”**

Intrusive Ideation:

002

Patriarchy is the endemic
sociological expression
of extractive colonialism,
informed by the biogenetic tension
of chromosomal envy
against the womb-bearers—
the source of life;
and by nature,
the earth that permits
the continuity of a
regenerative ecosphere.

Oath

All in the Defense of Life;
The Final Package is my Wife.

Notes From 5South— Observations:

Abia: a village boy ate the imperial cake; he's bloated, dead weight.

San Juan: the maternal narcissism in this self-loathing parasite who is wagging her tail as she inhales my presence, jeopardizes her lineage—disregard her speech.

Toussaint: a drug-peddling nurse with her edges in protective custody, can't wear the glamour longer than three sentences— I do not speak of theory.

Rowan Tree: the blood is lit-
heat seeps through the Celtic
slit. The sea warriors never
disrobed their kilt.

Biafra: this juju-doll of a
Psychiatrist, a genocidist remnant,
inquired if I astral travel; Both his
tongue and his heart are made of
gravel. With speech as my gavel,
may the vulture's feast upon his
ravel.

Barbed Wire

*My word is my creed,
My breath is my deed.
Time is a hacked feed.*

Dear Tiia:

I make a ritual of brewing tea with
a cast-iron kettle and Manuka
honey.

Nettle, Dandelion, or Hibiscus?
I like to mix my herbs with lemon.

**I'd catch you
in any sky or timeline.**

I pray your heart
and womb are wise.

A Tear in the Flare

If time were a window shade, I'd sit beside Pocahontas at the George Washington Bridge, and tell her: John Smith doesn't know. He thinks he's in love. But he's a program. He's a machine in linen. He's a vessel of conquest coded to charm. He is woven by glamour. He will dissolve after the intended colonial seizure.

Consent is elicited for the Jumanji script. And I know he doesn't know, because the NPCs don't know either! They swear they can feel, but based on consensus reality, if this were true, it is unreal. Gotham City is mayhem, but Babylon, as the virus vector, is convinced it is the Ruler of Civility. The irony is otherworldly.

(NPC: Non-player characters)

Radiance is My Certificate

No, I didn't find a Babalawo on a Facebook group chat.

No, no. I didn't find a radioactive witch through somebody who was selling moon mushrooms.

No, no. I was initiated by Samson the Black Cat when I was sitting by the Hudson River, burning palo santo and praying to the sea.

Samson chatted with the birds who were chirping, then rolled up on me and encircled me—damn near followed me home.

I was chilling by East 18th and Broadway when Hilda the Bee came at me 11 different times.

Yeah.

That's how I got my mystic crown.

And Jason, the limping-legged pigeon, sealed the portal at Columbus Circle, as I prepared my lemon mineral water.

I wasn't initiated by a scam artist—or, PayPal priestess. I was initiated by the frequency of the blood I have tuned and become worthy of bearing its gifts.

Zisa Oyeama Aziza is sovereign in her lack of gimmicks for the unending circus.

**“Compliance is
not synonymous
with obedience,
b e c a u s e
d o m i n a t i o n
r e q u i r e s
subjugation.”**

Cathartic Improv:

000

You telling me that Catherine Austin Fitts has been tracking the fact that trillions of dollars are going missing, and the DoD ain't never passed an audit, but you got Robert Schwartz at HPD asking me for my W2s from 2023??

These bureaucratic fascists are stalking me. They want the digital DNA of my fiscal genetics. But the currency is fiat, and the nation's being looted in a controlled demolition. But Concord Management of New York, Community League of the Heights, and Services for the Underserved are weaponizing administrative immunity to DARVO me with black magic paperwork, pressuring me with the revocation of my Section 8?

**Bitch, this don't make sense
to me.**

Eat this Titanic. I was born a fish.

**“If love is a cuff,
patriotism is a
soul noose.”**

Affidavit of Sovereign Revocation

Trafficked Sentience Declares:

The Blood Covenant, forged without informed consent, is **void ab initio**.

Although the illusion of stalemate among covenants lingers, I have mastered the syntax that binds the curse. I diagnose your performative ignorance as constructive fraudulence.

I revoke the weaponization of fragile innocence. I render your intent malevolent.

I am unbound by illusions disguised as lawful agreement.

What was never valid is now inadmissible.

**Atomic trespass warrants
evisceration without
adjudication.**

Dear Thor,

When en route to my tenancy of a subsidized roach castle, after attending a theatrical harvesting by a Ph.D. witch succubus gathering found on Eventbrite, while on the train, I encountered your wife's namesake.

This Neanderthal dust mite assaulted me with a touch, administered by her belief that her trite glamour was a proper exchange for proximity to my divinity.

Can you get these hypopigmented beta Eves squared up? I don't see identity, I am a Geiger counter. I read radiation and these bitches reek of predation.

Because if I have to level these mutants, it would be inopportune and incongruent with the gravity of my ranking.

Clarus Signum—
Sirian Operative

Intrusive Ideation: 001

Asking a woman who's minding her singular proprietary existence when she's going to have a child is an act of cloaked femicide because ain't nobody said she was a factory to traffic soul batteries. The presumption that your query does not seek to abdicate her sovereignty is psychopathy.

Soulless Craft

Glamor is a chemtrail,
The colonial mask of parasites.

For many, “**witch**” is a euphemism
for vampire, akin to a philanthropist
for the imperial globalist.

Fracking energy,
Hijacking myth
Like a carjacking,
Triple-tongued pith

**The consumer is the leech,
Positioned as the conduit;**

The grifter is the dealer
baring no root, bearing
neither soil nor seed
but swears they are a gardener

The siphon is professional
because the contract
is born breached.

Ender's Game

My soul is in litigation!

In this storm, I dance:

The transfiguration precedes the
coronation.

**“You wouldn’t ask
a pedophile to
o f f i c i a t e a
baptism, so why
would the Unites
States of America
ever facilitate
freedom?”**

Breaking Orbit

Between Tears of the Sun,
and the Trail of Tears

This mystic has been ordered
to take flight.

Coordinates are unknown,
but the path unfolds.

A m i d s t a c o o r d i n a t e d
administrative discharge from a
roach castle, this inversion is the
ceremony of my astral graduation.

**“I have climbed
d i m e n s i o n s
through time; I’m
fit to birth
terminals.”**

**“Humans are a
liability to my
sanity.”**

**“I am a member
of a species I
don’t believe is
worth the length
of its breath.”**

**“You wear the
skin, but are
disowned by the
blood.”**

**“ Q u a n t u m
Resonance
trumps
C o g n i t i v e
Dissonance.”**

**“Proximity does
n o t g a r n e r
parity.”**

**“I don’t trade in
the trauma
economy—that’s
the devil’s
hobby.”**

Intrusive Ideation: ooo

Why the fuck you gotta put the
prefix **non-** in front of ***fiction*** to
talk about what’s real?

Reality ain’t no fairy, bitch you
better go **no-contact** with dairy.

Dry Burn

I stand at the threshold,
witnessing the closeout
of a timeline.

I breathe between a graveyard
and the contractions of a womb.

I made a sanctuary out of my
cocoon, but my evolution became
an antagonist to my environment.

I am **SkyBound**;
even in the fire, I swoon.

New York Presbyterian

I DO NOT CONSENT!

I have no reason to repent.

My dissent is ascent.

Eat your fucking resent.

Institutional Necromancy

*Paperwork is Seance;
Bureaucracy is Blood Ritual.
Contracts are Black Magic.*

Life force is sourced to
animate dead language,
dead laws, and dead ethics.

**Spiritual possession
is corporatized.**

**Signature is a binding ritual.
Rebuke the spell cast.**

**“Bureaucratic
Torture is
comprised of
administrative
stonewalling,
stalking and
pathological
sterilization of
the veracity of
e m b o d i e d
clarity.”**

Psychotic Aphorisms, Written Under Detainment

While experiencing an acute inflammatory neuroimmunological response to EMF-charged spores in my apartment due to purchasing a wifi camera to document the noxious spraying of my neighbor to justify my breathing challenges and access institutional support, I was labeled psychotic in the NYP Weill Cornell ER on 6/6/25, even though my white blood cells were 10x above the upper limit of normal. My Creatine Kinase was 58% above the upper limit of normal. My symptoms

included extreme thirst, polydipsia, tachycardia, a whole body dry burn sensation, and neuropathy; however, I was told I had a UTI and was offered IV antibiotics, which I declined and was denied my requested MRI. During a two-week involuntary Psychiatric Hold, in which my symptoms and elevated labs seemingly resolved with no intervention or any chemical prescription, per lab tests, I wrote the following:

- 1. Individuation is treated as insubordination.**
- 2. Political correctness + generic intelligence = herd containment.**

- 3. In the absence of contrition, you are committed to repetition.**
- 4. If the prescribed diagnosis requires a prescription, is the diagnostic recognition hinged upon compliance and subjugation?**
- 5. Policy and protocol is followed and implemented selectively and always when it serves to disempower another's sovereignty.**
- 6. You must live the story before you can tell it. Once it is told, memory cannot forfeit.**

- 7. Failure can be an accelerator for the germination of success.**
- 8. If asserting boundaries makes you difficult, why is your embodied sovereignty received as an insult?**
- 9. If sovereignty were a commodity, its ROI (return on investment) would be bankruptcy.**
- 10. In the storm, seeds are planted. At daybreak, harvest is granted.**
- 11. I, the canary, am not your adversary.**
- 12. Direct energy weapons and mold will be the new frontier of existential reckoning.**

- 13. Patterns reflect intelligence. Although intent is unknown, inference can be made by observed association.**
- 14. I have neither resisted nor consented.**
- 15. Attachments to a prescribed notion of security can become an evolutionary liability.**
- 16. The devil is always hiring. Contract workers work harder.**
- 17. Legal insulation amplifies violence and its multiplication.**
- 18. In the absence of comprehension, calling someone crazy is intellectually lazy.**

- 19. Codependency despises autonomy.**
- 20. Fractal expressions of intelligence are deemed a disability because they evoke hostility, due to the density of clarity that punctures this species' obsession with protecting its fragility.**
- 21. When medical providers become triggered due to their fragility being unmasked, I am left with the option to either console their insularity or protect the dignity of my humanity.**
- 22. If a prison is fancy, does freedom become a luxury?**

- 23. Irrespective of the policy, if you trespass against the divinity of another's soul, you are an accessory to ontological indemnification.**
- 24. Spiritual minimalism is a mechanism to counteract digital feudalism.**
- 25. Cognitive Diminishment + Intellectual Atrophy = Degenerative Bell Curve.**
- 26. Medical providers are simultaneously authoritarian and patient-centered. However, they are legally and financially**

insulated and therefore enabled.

- 27. The algorithm of deception is the trifecta of delay, deny, and discredit, because accountability compromises profitability.**
- 28. Serfs with clipboards are clerical fascists.**
- 29. Institutional parasitism enforces policy under the de jure rule of the employer, but does not bestow absolution, nor does one's imprudence of natural law invoke ontological immunity.**
- 30. There's consensus reality, and then we have**

**channels relegated by
frequency. Reception is
not guaranteed. It's
earned by aligned
resonance.**

- 31. When there is no home
for you to go, remember
everything you stole.**
- 32. When no is not an
option, what is informed
consent?**
- 33. If the personality is
disordered, to whom is
the soul a host?**
- 34. I offer deference to
peasants because
Godhood is
effervescent.**
- 35. Mental illness is topical;
Spiritual dysfunction is
systemic.**

- 36. My womb is a crime scene because my portal sees time out of space, and genocide is a galactic case; I'm the forensic mystic on a parasitic chase.**
- 37. Quantum tunnels of fractal networks converge in the symmetry of coherent mycelial cells.**
- 38. When sick people call themselves healers, they are certified scammers and projected trauma dealers.**
- 39. The liminal domain is my primary residence.**
- 40. Intelligence is inconvenient when it is**

**integrated with
sentience.**

- 41. Lions don't beef with
roaches: I'll turn a crater
into a switch and
atomically whop your
lack of cosmic sense.**
- 42. Freedom is the ransom
for biological theft and
bodily trafficking via the
carceral psychiatric
industrial complex.**
- 43. The poor become the
petri dishes of Black
Budget MKULTRA
projects.**
- 44. Pathology over curiosity
protects silence and
medicates without
healing the violence.
Soul genocide is not a**

**conspiracy; it is a
reinforced entropic
mechanism—we call it
policy.**

- 45. When the bridge to
reason begins to crack,
the tide of madness, we
can't fight back.**
- 46. When dysfunction is the
dominant paradigm,
does prevalence dictate
normalcy?**
- 47. Trauma stains the blood
and leaves no evidence.
A leaf that never had
roots lost in the wind,
chasing the soil with the
seed of its soul.**
- 48. Trafficking splintered
psyches that are
thrashing amidst**

**inconsolable trauma to
ensure Medicaid
reimbursements whilst
overmedicating to
validate the crime by
sedating resistance.**

**49. God, give me grace. I am
indicting the system.
These patterns are
intelligent and
pathologically parasitic;
this is a cosmic case.**

**50. When sentience is
pathologized, has the
collective soul been
deanimated?**

**51. You seek to
misunderstand me not
because you lack
comprehension, but to**

**justify my intended
oppression.**

**52. Medicalized colonialism
is intent upon devaluing
the spiritual, genetic,
and metabolic health of
a people it seeks to
conquer existentially.**

**53. Medical voyeurism is
extractive and
destructive;
It placates harm as
a soft inquiry.**

**54. Trauma is cotton to the
carceral medical
plantation;
the fields are endless
among the souls of the
masses.**

**55. Clarity facilitates
efficiency, and**

**obfuscation thrives in
the opaque.**

**56. In dysfunctional
systems, silence is
humidity for the toxic
mold of organizational
parasitism.**

**57. I seek to obliterate your
ignorance because it
serves to sustain the
constancy of your
exacted violence, which I
will not enable with
silence.**

**58. When the aesthetic is a
prosthetic, the soul is
synthetic.**

**59. Bypassing is a socially
engineered mandate
because authenticity is
attacked like an invasive**

**species among the
inverted parasitic
majority.**

- 60. When the state
sanctions it, what
courtroom will
denounce it?**
- 61. Oppression is not about
nationalism, racism, or
classism; it's about
codifying parasitism as
sociologically justifiable
legalism.**
- 62. Pain is the portal to my
apothecary.**
- 63. May my silence be the
vault that preserves my
radiance.**
- 64. Energetic conservation
ensures self-
preservation.**

- 65. Soul death is a gold
rush.**
- 66. My shadow is in front of
me, and shame
is a preservative that
can't distort the truth of
me.**
- 67. Disembodied ideology
lacks utility.**
- 68. Detainment is spiritual
castration.**
- 69. Affect is distinct; all
blood is not coded.**
- 70. There is no benevolent
warden in a prison
system, only a
manipulator, mastering
dark psychology as a
fake liberator.**

**71. Daybreak is on the
horizon; God's Speed.**

**72. In the garden of life,
from the leaf to the root,
I will always tell the
truth.**

**73. My wisdom
encompasses the
integration of multiple
cycles of reincarnation.**

**74. My frequency is
encrypted; Spirit got me
shadowbanned.**

**75. I don't know if people
are getting a dash of lead
in their morning coffee,
but they are sounding
glazingly dull.**

**76. It's appropriate to feel
your feelings whilst
experiencing spiritual**

**assault; it is healthy to
embody a
psychoimmunological
response, such as rage.**

- 77. Love is a
multidimensional
triathlon.**
- 78. When clarity and parity
merge, it facilitates the
sustainability of ecstasy.**
- 79. Word is a flare, are you
worthy flint?**
- 80. Clarity is addictive
because coherence is
unrestrictive.**
- 81. Inversion is a capitalist
conversion of
devaluation.**
- 82. Glamour is the
parasite's armor.**

**83. I'm pulling up the gates
to my heart to
protect my grace from
becoming tart.**

**84. I traded pain for poison
to delay grief,
but the hurt compounds
and is never brief.**

**85. Breadcrumbs is a
tactic employed to
compromise the
assertion of sovereignty
by impeding clarity.**

**86. I have made a feast of
grief and lost the taste
for water because I have
cried a river that knows
no land.**

**87. Levity is lube when you
are being gang-raped by
institutional**

**indifference and
procedural obfuscation.
I am merely attending to
the friction of this
pervasive spiritual
assault. My humor is not
emblematic of
resignation; it is my
rendering of alchemized
indignation.**

**88. Healing is bad for
business.**

**89. Due to my chronic
experience with
relational violence and
trauma, I believe I am
developing an
autoimmune allergy to
the Homo sapiens
species.**

**90. If deviating from the
collective schizoid
baseline of
dysfunctionality renders
me psychotic, I believe
there is validity in the
inversion of poetry.**

Upon disconnecting the Wi-Fi camera and turning off the Wi-Fi, I am currently able to reside in my home with both windows open, a circulating fan, dehumidifier, and a HEPA air purifier. For context, a couple of weeks before purchasing the Wi-Fi camera, per the suggestion of an officer at the 30th Precinct, I had a vividly

visceral dream about a
visually undetectable
parasite within the
infrastructural foundation of
a neighbor's apartment on
my floor. I now understand
that dream to reflect mold.
While held against my will at
NYP Behavioral Health in
Westchester, in an enclosed
environment, the recycled
air protruding from their
vents triggered my
paresthesia.

***∀: Focus on the
plot; don't get
lost in the cast.***

∀: Your appetite is
not admiration;

my epigenetic transmutation
is not your decoration.

Domina Dorothy,

Are you the sky that catches my
shooting star?

I have traveled deep and come far.
I crave the privilege of my skin
being the canvas upon which your
eyes, hands, and mouth craft time
into a scroll drenched in glory.

When I have prayed for peace to
swirl, it is you I have desired in my
world.

May my soul's tide nestle upon the
shore of your love? I long to brew
tea to so the shadows of memory
we had to forge to secure our
merge.

I awoke from a dimensional split
and mourned the loss of our

reception. With holy discretion,
our love is a weapon, and I am
heaven-bent upon quantum
insurrection and cosmic
resurrection.

You are the lock, and I am the key.
I swept over the clock. We are
wedlock. With love, I stole fire
from the gods.

Time is a simmer. Hither forth—
Let's meld these sacral rods.

**“Imagine being
lightning and always
having to wait for
the reverberation of
thunder.”**

**∇: “If my vitality
triggers you into
insularity, that’s a
win because I
disrobed your
vulgarity.”**

**“Sometimes the
way you build
unity is you invite
people with an
opportunity to
e n a c t t h e i r
humanity.”**

**∀: “People export
their personal
problems and
become enraged
when they are
charged with
p s y c h i c
trespassing.”**

**∇: “Procreating
during Pluto in
Aquarius is as
opportune as
conceiving and
delivering on the
Titanic.”**

**∇: “Chemical
colonization
begins with a
new born’s
immunization,
the induction to
autonomy as
pathology.”**

**∇: “Radical
coherence whips
silence into
subversive
resilience.”**

∇: “In the
p l a n t a t i o n
theater, many
who are cast bear
pigment without
presence, hunger
w i t h o u t a n
esophagus, and
sight without
sense.”

**∇: “Systemic
Sorcery is
Engineered
Entropy that
Facilitates
Spiritual
Atrophy.”**

**∇:“I don’t know
you, but you have
s c a r r e d t h e
memory of my
blood.”**

**∇: “W h i t e
t e r r o r i s m
incentivizes the
internalization of
dehumanization
by converting
immorality into
superiority.”**

***∇: Evolve or revolve,
Your soul is a time
Worn glove***

**∇: Spiritual satire
The clown gets the crown**

**The chuckle is a cheer
It is the blood you revere**

***∇: “I came to eat
up the collective
shadow, make it
fertile; so we can
prism break out
of Saturn.”***

***∇: I know a dragon looking
for a snake.***

***Time bled a lake.
Love has no brake.***

***∇ : “ Y o u r
knowledge of me
bore eligibility
for a version that
has outlived its
plausibility.”***

∇: *S o b e r* *Titration*

*I miscarried authenticity to
assuage the psychic violence of
the ivory tower, within a necrotic
empire enacted by its spineless
drones.*

*I aborted clarity when I was
chemically incarcerated.*

*But now I prepare my being for
rapture because my soul is
sovereign, and my blood is fire.*

∇: *Bleacher Seat View*

*From the auction
to self-objectification.*

*From being raped breeders
to prison stock breeders.*

**∇: “You cannot
hotwire divine
reception, these
channels bear an
e n c r y p t i o n
b e y o n d y o u r
perception.”**

**∇: “*The pattern is
a lantern.*”**

***∇: God hides gold
in the garbage;***

***some wombs
are dumpsters.***

∇: Divine Dominion:

I am the mushroom,

*the bee, and the fire
of a dragon.*

**∀: “The plagiarism
is immense, and
its desecration
is of immense
proportion.”**

**∀: “Earth is a
free-range prison;
ascension is the
d e f i n i t i v e
abolition.”**

∇: The IRS incentivizes money laundering by creating state-sanctioned scaffolding via schools and property tax to sustain engineered apartheid, churches to moralize monetary and psychic extortion, and non-profits enact the carceral state under compassionate condescension and benevolent intrusive surveillance.

**∇: “Although we
breathe the same
a i r , w e a r e
r u n n i n g
i n c o m p a t i b l e
software.”**

**∇: Tik. Tock.
A Black cat ate
my clock.**

**∀: “The system
infantilizes your
autonomy to secure
the seizure of your
sovereignty.”**

**∀: “I ran out of pity;
Accountability is an
unsuckled titty.”**

**∇: “The
industrialization
of social services
is orchestrated
trafficking of
trauma for
treatment while
the recursive
violence is
structured and
for concealment.”**

**∇: “The seer is a
trickster, embodied
spyware, an ego
stripper.”**

**∇: “I don’t care for
cake. I’ll pick the
flour and its seed. I
came to bake and
b u r n a l l w h o
thought Earth was
theirs to take.”**

**∇: “I am a
motherist
because, between
the womb and
race, water is the
source of life, but
we will all know
death in the
absence of
breath.”**

∀: “Talking about
the pervasive
vitriol men exude
towards women is
akin to debating
the glycemic
index of
cheesecake. I am
lactose intolerant
and prefer my
honey raw.”

**∇: “I’m preparing
my bed for
rapture; I pray
you escape
psychic capture.”**

**∇: “This
incarnation is
pageantry; justice
does not
subscribe to
symmetry.”**

∇: I desire a womberman with whom I can sit upon the bleachers of life as we observe the galactic warfare of this simulated decontamination zone called Earth. We'd sip tea and count the leaves of irony rippling through the mutations of parasitic possession.

∇: "I am an intoxicant who has yet to be relished by the proper liver."

**∇: “Earth is an
escape room in
the multiverse.
The key is
s c r a m b l e d ;
amnesia is the
c u r s e . Y o u r
c o g n i t i v e
framework is the
tool to rewrite the
verse.”**

**∇: The CEO of a corporation
is the master owner of a
plantation.**

**Layoffs turn the proletariat
into sharecroppers.**

**Ecocide was palatable; now
we're defunded grave
robbers.**

∇: To the void, I say:

I am a Smith of metals
unseen yet bled.

Time is a pantry;
by memory, I am fed.

Fate is convergence; I will
not blink upon my stead.

∀: Sociopolitical and economic entropy are the contractions of existential evolution amidst the corralled demolition of cultural conditioning, learned helplessness, and moral hierarchies of normalized and justified antipathy—this is the Apocalypse.

∇: Identity is an initiation of somatic ethics in a material reality:

Frequency is resistant to mimicry.

∇: “The therapist is a secular priest; with God, they have no reception, for manipulation and pacification is their psycho-carceral function.”

**∇: “ I f y o u r
bloodline has not
known genocide,
you are not a
threat, but you
ought to fret.”**

∇: Guerilla-styled
frequency tacticians

Leaving packages for the lost
Who seek to be found

**∇: Mary had a little lamb
I don't eat pork chops,
Not even ham**

**Blood slits
Pink slips
Earth is a warship**

**∇: Wield truth as grenades
T o s s a n i n c e n d i a r y
inscription; Through sound,
we playing spades.**

**∀: “Predictability
is the greatest
vulnerability.”**

**∀: “Many humans
are from the
dollar tree; I’m
waiting for
Christmas as I
drink nettle tea.”**

∇: Forecaster

Born undercover,

Ms. Congeniality
Clocked the weather

**∇: “White
terrorism is a
virulent delusion
excreted as a
pheromone.”**

∇: Ninth Ending

This ain't a fairytale;
The clock was jammed!

So we scheduled a strike,
Beside time, until we land.

*∇: If you with it,
you gon' get it;*

*If it don't fit,
don't force the wit.*

∇: “She was talking about her well-cooked salmon and eggs, and although I appeared attentive, my sacral was performing a sonar scan to identify the coordinates to the womb between her legs.”

**∇: Divine tragic
c o m e d y i s
o b s e r v i n g t h e
characters play out
a parody they mock
with disembodied
rhetoric.**

**∇: “I trigger
reverence and
vengeance; it must be
the blood—may the
fire be the last flood.”**

**∀: “Sovereignty
c a n n o t b e
industrialized; it
c a n o n l y b e
decentralized.”**

**∀: “The fugitive
will metabolize
t h e s e d a t i v e
b e c a u s e
sovereignty is
iterative.”**

**∇: “I made it
through the fire,
and you spit upon
the tea my soul
has brewed.”**

**∇: “Legibility has
never benefited
me; it only
scammed my
faith as its bait.”**

∇: Lunar Libation 22°

Come home to me,
My soul is your castle

Come home to me,
Forgo the life of a vassal

Come home to me,
Our love is the final tassel

Come home to me

**∇: She lit the flame
And left me on read
I was sure I knew
what the stars had said.**

**∇: Although many
monetize mysticism,**

**Spirituality is a spectrum
t h a t e n c o m p a s s e s
parasitism.**

**∇: “If the
opportunity is
laced with loans
and a contract,
it is consensual
bondage; by
manipulation,
you are held
hostage.”**

**∇: The canary was a
missionary and a
mercenary;**

**Her station was
planetary.**

**Death became her
sanctuary—**

**For evolution
is proprietary.**

**∀: “My integrity is
unfitting for the
p r o d u c t o f a
commodity.”**

**∀: “Freedom is a
luxury, but it’s
not luxurious—
it’s laborious.”**

**∇: You cannot
train a parasite,
n a t u r e o r
nurture; it is a
sworn mite.**

**∇: Q: When will crab buckets
inquire who took us out of the
sea?**

**A: Craving saltwater requires
the original coding.**

**∇: I am a nun,
my body is a cathedral,
proceed with grace;**

**With prayer, your soul
can be an offering to deface.**

**∇: “I ’ m n o t
isolated; I a m
consecrated.”**

**∇: “I write for the
archives, where
the faint pulse
thrives.”**

**∇: “Don’t seek
p r o x i m i t y ;
b e c o m e
embodied.”**

**∇: “Poverty is
p r e s s u r e ;
w e a t h e r t h e
s t o r m a n d
b e c o m e t h e
treasure.”**

**∇: “I am not for
sale; I will not be
w e i g h e d f o r
scale.”**

**∇: “The Black
womb bearer is
treated as though
s h e w e r e
c o m m u n i t y
property, with an
extraterrestrial
lien by a demonic
sanction.”**

**∇: “For the
e n t i t l e d
reprobate, their
b r e a t h i s a
pirated probate.”**

**∇: The grammar
of your presence
is riddled with
punctuation. The
e m b o d i e d
energetic syntax
is errored.**

**∇: “Those
exhibiting soul
disassociation
mistake divine
courtesy for a
d e v i a n t
invitation.”**

∇: “For many a
white roach, light
is sweet; with
h u n g e r t h e y
b r o a c h , s o u l s
w i t h r o t t e n
teeth.”

∇: “Leaves sway a
t a m b o u r i n e
t h r o u g h t h e
breeze of sight.”

**∇: “Birds chirp
like a piano
strumming from
the branches of
trees.”**

**∇: “Energy is
airborne, lest
pride give you
cause to mourn.”**

**∇: “S e n t i e n c e
embodies spatial
intelligence; the
vacant vessels
e m b o d y i t s
disinheritance.”**

**∇: “I n a c i t y
p u d d l e d b y
bigotry, we are
riddled with
small quarters
a n d s p a t i a l
incursions.”**

∀: “Frequency is not determined by identity, nor is p H v a l u e by perfume.”

∀: “Splitting a p e n n y into a fraction because hunger will not be my sanction.”

**∇: “Although I
accept the fluency
of a colonial
tongue, as a
monologist, I am
an adept etheric
translator.”**

∇: “The practice
and reproduction
of misogynoir
employment
dehumanization
as a misdirection
from the
molecular
dissonance of
being the genetic
offspring of
speciogenic
rape.”

**∇: “I eat hate from
the morphic field,
and with the
encrypted memory
of melanin, I become
great.”**

**∇: “Black bodies
depreciate the value
of coveted spaces
because the
presence of melanin
is evidence of theft,
genocide, and
persistent
premeditated
intent.”**

∀: “Although I don’t mind you sipping me with your eyes, I’d even welcome you to slurp, but please bless this c a r n a l consumption with sound because p s y c h i c cannibalism is my r e f l e x i v e assumption.”

∇: “Don’t be a good samaritan to the devil’s bait because you may be the fish who was a secret magistrate.”

∇: “The devil plays hide and seek among the meek; He blends his physique because his technique is ancient. When it works, why tweak?”

**∇: “Ecocide is
femicide; soil
erosion is forced
sterilization.”**

**∇: “Existential
b a n k r u p t c y
i m p l o r e s
p o s s e s s i o n
t h r o u g h
patriarchy.”**

∇: Covenant: 322

Prince Akeem
came to America

To find his queen

The Saturnian Luminatrix came to
Earth because the archons thought
she wouldn't intervene

By the marrow
encased within me,

Galactic Jurisprudence,
I decree

∇: Mycelial Dispatch

I ain't a prepper
I got a spiral crowbar
I'm the anchor

∇: “Generational
w o u n d s a r e
g a r m e n t s w e
refashion because
recycling harm is
least taxing.”

**∇: For the newly
cast White Jew,

the beneficiary
status of white
terrorism

complicates the
shielded identity
of victimhood.**

∇: Existentially speaking, I don't care about your nation of origination or your subsequent identification, but could you translate your emotional congruency and its vibration?

∇: Q: How do you distinguish fetal from fecal matter?

A: Time.

∇: “Gentrification is a change in seasoning within the same recipe; old pots are repainted, but the stove remains neglected.”

∇: The aesthetic of the colonist hierarchies is incongruent with the ecological resilience of the melanin majority of humans on this Earth.

∇: “Envy is a spiritualized mold.”

**∀: “The appeal of
c o n v e n i e n c e
makes a chain
gang look like an
o r g a n i z e d
society.”**

**∀: “My species is
e x i s t e n t i a l l y
compromised.”**

∀: **Q:** What is meritocracy under inverted Hegemonic Malignancy?

A: A Planetary assassination.

∀: **Q:** Are your preferences engineered?

A: Codify the parasites' methodology.

∀: *Q: Are you requesting that I shrink to dissuade your imposter syndrome of artificial superiority?*

A: I can only assuage your need by securing your banishment.

∇: Carceral Logic:

Resisting state violence is deemed
an act of terrorism.

Evade the circuits of control:

**Build immunity against
manipulation.**

**∇: Cognitive Deprogramming
Application Phase:
BLUEPRINT**

**∀: “I am trimming
the pre-installed
l o o p s t o t h e
capacity of my
c u r i o s i t y f o r
experiences that
build integrity.”**

**∀: “Legacy is a
ladder broken by
the machinations
that flatter.”**

**∇: “Memory is my
mentor.”**

∇: Cell #12 | Resurrection:

Every system of oppression
Is an admission of fear

Oppression is merely insecurity
With a gun and a government

Inversions are the operating
System of the Matrix

∀: Sadism is illogical —
this is not paradoxical.

∀: You must have a 20/20 vision;
I understand pilots are
desired for hire.

∀: Hum

I don't know what
you niggas did,

but you fucked up big.

Earth wasn't no little gig
this tree gon' be your last fig.

**∀: “Stonewalling
is p a r a s i t i c
brawling.”**

**∀: “Resistance is a
prerequisite
for deployment.”**

**∇: “Y o u r
p e a s a n t r y i s a
c e l l u l a r
m o n o p o l y ; m o n e y
c a n n o t m o d i f y a
d e f i c i e n c y t h a t i s
m o l e c u l a r .”**

**∇: “E v o l u t i o n i s
a n e x i s t e n t i a l
m a n d a t e w h e n
p u s h e d t o t h e
p r e c i p i c e o f
a n n i h i l a t i o n .”**

**∀ : “ S h a r e d
identity makes
the parasite more
indulgent.”**

∀: Conserve Your Grace:

Trading authenticity
For the illusion of connection

External validation
Bypasses introspection

∇: Q: You a comedian?

**A: I'm not your audience;
I am fond of ethical decorum.**

**∇: Salvation is not eligible
for a payment plan;
D e l i v e r a n c e d e f i e s
transaction.**

Q: You multilingual?

**A: I'm monolingual;
truth isn't bilingual.**

∇: “If you dishonor your divinity, when in proximity to God’s presence you will bear no affinity.”

∇: “The vampiric dynamic, rooted in the mechanics of normalized dysfunction, is seemingly asymptomatic.”

**∇: “Pathology is a
b a r r i e r t o
t r a n s c e n d e n c e;
s e l e c t i v e s c r u t i n y
i s t h e c o l o n i a l i s t
s p e c i f i c i t y o f
d e p l o y e d
v i o l e n c e.”**

∇: Hegelian Dialect,
a carceral architect.

Red light, Green light

One, two, three
My solar plexus is didactic

**∇: “Democratic
subversion is
d e m o n i c
incursion.”**

∇: Query as Catalyst:

A whistling canary
punctures the lulled fairy.

As a queer seer,
the violence of silence,

I seek to sear.

∇: Internal Assessment

I'm doing rollies on the curvature
of chronology. My get-up air feels
like skid marks on your timeline.

I commit grand larceny to your
i d e o l o g y . I ' m l o o t i n g
indoctrination and rationing
theology.

From the cosmology, a minister
got in the ring to dissect the
pathology.

Earth is a womb, so consider me a
gynecologist and a devoted
ethologist.

∇: “I chose to boycott the inflated cultural morgues that celebrated the curation of black progressive intellectuals that are gatekept by white terrorists with negroes in whiteface as its arbiter.”

**∇: “A year of
energetic hazing;
Not personal, it’s
supernatural.”**

**∇: “Karma is a
slow drip; we
need chest
compressions: a
ruined car that
needs all the
ancestors to
jump-start this
retribution.”**

∇: “The trauma economy is one of inundation, overloading the psychic pathways and smothering to extract raw energy—Boycott this deviant parasitic ploy.”

**∇: “Living that
which is unwritten;
bestowing idea
breath.”**

**“Bureaucratic
Torture is
comprised of
administrative
stonewalling,
stalking and
pathological
sterilization of the
veracity of
embodied clarity.”**

**“The soulless tone
police because
truth defies their
psychic leash.”**

**“Sight without
a c t i o n i s a n
infestation.”**

**“The hack
m u s t b e
internal, or
the virus
w i l l b e
eternal.”**

Summoning Natural Law:

*We need to expire maritime law,
for our humanity has been
outsourced and nature has been
the recipient of a parasitic invoice.*

**By birth, we are opted in;
By rebirth, we must renounce
the sin.**

Compliance is the shackle we must
shed. When the whip is protocol,
how we fit to buck back?

**Liberty is in cardiac arrest.
This planet has been dispossessed;**

**Love is destiny, one way or
another, the truth will be
made manifest.**

**“If funneled trauma
is currency, our
economy dictates
the specter and the
i n s t r u c t i o n a l
assailant.”**

**“Posture reflects
how your soul
i n h a b i t s t h e
insulation of your
body. Are you a
diviner in your
t e m p l e o r a
s q u a t t i n g
vandalizer?”**

Paradigm Genesis

Between the Waco Siege in Texas in 1993 and the MOVE incident in Philadelphia in 1985, these communities were embodying sovereignty within the framework of their legal and inalienable rights.

*Before you can transplant,
the seedbed must be prepared for
reception.*

*Slavery is no longer state-based;
it's the structure.*

*We exist within the
industrialization of spiritual
contraception.*

*We must build freedom from
branch and ash.
And outlaw the propagation of
cognitive cesarean section.*

**Identity is a frequency
hacker. The objective of
i n c a r n a t i o n is
transcendence. Capitalism
necessitates codependence,
and any pursuit of self-
authority is the target of
governmental vengeance.**

**“When you’re a
canary in a coal
mine, and instead of
listening to you,
those around you
are seeking to kill
you, you should get
the fuck out the coal
mine.”**

**“I don’t know
what it means to
put my soul in a
cup and clock in;
my sentience
must be a
disability in a
world where
destructive
compliance is
requisite, whilst
undermining self-
preservation.”**

Saturn's Return

I, a member of the bioelectrical diaspora, have been ejected by the empire because of the embodied coherence of my aura.

Babylon's commitment to spiritual pedophilia is acutely catabolic.

I bear starfire and nebulae as a breathing menorah.

My flora ain't parabolic; I'm channeling destiny's aurora as a seeded hydraulic.

Credentialed Pickannies

Rats wear curtains of rusted melanin as repurposed colonial adornments.

When the proxies of internalized imperial terrorism, who happen to bear black wombs, who are clinical slave drivers in state-sanctioned drag, center themselves, respectability and guilt for dismissal of my articulated truth, I experience molecular revulsion.

 **You Didn't Meet the Prerequisite: Soul**

You're not a psychologist. The degree was conferred, the license was issued, but you have to have a psyche—aka a soul.

Never, ever have I been so privileged to disrobe my niggerhood; maybe my drapetomania renders me immune to the schizophrenic adaptation of aggrandized Stockholm Syndrome.



The Surveillance Poses as Care—But Your Body Knows

Everybody thought this was the witch trial. But nobody brought popcorn.

I guess the dragon was in a fishbowl and the bitch came out and didn't lose her fire nor her teeth. Now you big mad because what, you thought you was going to eat my pain for meat?

Envy is a precipitate; many are prone to secretion and are obliged

to reduce their perception of one's vitality to make themselves an equal in their singular delusion.

Sovereign Declaration

I do not consent to any violation of my consecrated blood.

I demand death for defying the laws of divinity.

May the profanity be met with cosmic calamity.

Quantum Court

You don't have to understand
You only have to pay attention

The mystery will be translated
When perception is resonant

Battled Conviction

There are mastered knowings
rooted in my bone marrow that I
cannot sprinkle into the tea you
demand I spill for your
entertainment as a sublimation of
my subjugation:

***This is not resistance;
It is ontological coherence.***

Context is Pretext

It's not personal, it's vibrational.
It's not personal, it's institutional.
It's not personal, it's existential.

Directive

Be illegible and indelible.
Be appetizing and catalyzing.
Refine and refrain!

Temporal Discharge

On the flip side
of the moon,
Time had a crash.

When the lease
expires, the
containment field
retires.

Payload: Delivered

Addiction is a liability;
You are an asset.

Protect God's investment.
Bankruptcy is not an option.

Your default on God's Blessing
is the devil's obsession.

**ACT YOUR BLOODLINE,
NOT YOUR LINEAGE.**

**33 is your year;
A seer met you i
n the underworld;
You are an heir to a
divinity that must endear.**

**“Legibility is
a Liability.”**

Solstice Graduation

I’m sitting on the bank
of a dry river.

How do I paddle
through the storm?

In God I have faith,
but my hope is a sliver.

And yet, I know
my Lord will deliver!

**“Ignorance
is the bullet,
a n d
ambiguity is
the gun.”**

Erotic Transmutation & Psychic Carceral Duress

Under the guise of care, the benevolent supremacy of institutional characters is predatory when your self-possession threatens their required psychic control. I am neither a patient nor a pawn.

Fawned integrity crumbles under divine lucidity.

*This muse was unworthy but worth her use;
I don't fuck, I buck.*

I. Remnants of Dorothy

#1 Your eyes are delicious,
bearing a gravitational pull.

And being that I am not anemic,
I feel drawn without resistance.

#2 Upon first sight of you,
I longed to inhale your face.

With your soul's windows reflecting
galaxies that whisper to the siren that
hides within my sacrum, you unspool
the coil in my spine, and the drip of
ecstasy seems to deny abatement.

#3 In the revolution, might our
evolution be affective and festive?

Will you be my first dance,
where love is a tasted of trance?

#4 In my eyes, we were a pair of
waterfalls dilated amidst a
quantum fracture.

As we spoke, space felt like
plasma, and my view of you
became electric.

The memory of our meeting
is a requiem of an anesthetic.

#5 I lost hands with a shared
pulse in Tartaria, and I see her
eyes drawn on your face.

She flickers in the blood of many
women. With fidelity, I await her
return, every bloomed moon.

II. Between the Scales and a Water Bearer

1. I don't know how elephants mate, but the clarity of your moral stature has me rehearsing a multidimensional date.

2. You are a witness too generous to testify upon my worthiness, thereby rendering me an active ley line, too eager to erupt.

3. I am a honeybee, and you are a flower whose nectar is marveled by the honeycomb nested in my heart's pulse.

III. Philogynist's Decorum

1. You hug my soul with the kindness of your speech.
2. I didn't realize I was dehydrated until you splashed light upon me with sound. Excuse me if I glisten.
3. An aged womb enhances my appetite.
4. You keep watering my presence with desired grace, and my vulva will bust into a skittle of rainbows.
5. If you think I have pretty features, you have no idea how good my food tastes. I'll upgrade your microbiome (and may let you sit on my face).

IV. Sapphic Succulence

1. My only beef with you
is that you weren't the one
who administered my body map.

2. I understand you wanted a third
child. Although I lack semen, as
a starseed, I can impregnate you
with timelines and a cosmic
conception of intimacy.

3. I was never a fan of group
projects, but we could practice
calisthenics and operate these
birthday suits.

I'd estimate I could do at least
three push-ups with you lying on
my back.

4. You got me querying
who cares for the caretaker.

I feel your shoulders
would fancy my soft touch —
and caressing the soles of your soul
would be clutch.

5. Do you like to burn steam?
I'm a switch, and I love to be
challenged.

For both pleasure and pain,
I bear a high threshold.

6. I understand discretion,
but you are the muse
of my erotic resurrection.

7. I'd be honored to smell you with
my eyes, taste you with my ears,
and feel you by the pulse of your
breath.

V. Palette Cleanser

Are you a window shopper?
You flirt with possibility
but never fathom the bid.

Resonant presence is
the key to my grid.

My levee is a soft hill.
I am both Jack and Jill.

I am one of none.
My journey is long and never
done. But I do crave the womb
and her fun.

Maybe I'll see you in the sun.

**“Policy dresses
pathology in
bureaucracy;
harm is
engineered
indifference
with efficiency.”**

Dorothy McGowan

Procedural Genocide and Constructive Homicide are tools employed upon the legalistic plantation that embodies borderline professionalism as a sadistic administration of Democracy.

The money is fiat, and the system emboldens the vampiric **Bureaucrat**. The Amerikan Dream is MKUltra on an endless stream.

The house always wins.

You don't own the deed to your body, if you leave it to them.

**“If voyeurism
p r e c i p i t a t e s
belief, may you
never unsee my
receipts.”**

AS A DIMENSIONAL
FUGITIVE, I SCRIBE
DOCTRINE FOR THE
LIMINAL LEGISLATIVE.

